CASCADE COMIX MONTHLY

August 1978

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JAY LYNCH INTERVIEW

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Art Spiegelman is working on a 150-200 page expansion of "Maus" to be published in book form. At this point the work involves taping, transcribing and breaking down conversations with his father about life in Hitler's Europe. Spiegelman expects the project to take several years to complete. His art can also be found in the New York TIMES Review of Books July 16 issue. He's also working as a consultant on comics for the Bazooka Bubble Gum Co., and will begin lecturing this fall on comics history and aesthetics at the School of Visual Design in New York City.

PLAYBOY's comix section will soon begin appearing in every issue. Jay Kinney has sold them a 2-page strip, Jay Lynch is devoting most of his energies to work for the big bunny, Art Spiegelman sold them a strip, and Denis Kitchen did a "Nancy" parody. The September issue features a full page "Dirty Duck" installment by Bobby London, and a half-page strip by Skip Williamson.

The German edition of Crumb's sketchbooks is out. 5000 were printed, and only 1000 will be imported to the U.S. The price will be high --about $25--and it is considered unlikely that a second printing will be done.

Trina Robbins is currently working on a women's comix anthology to be published in England by Hassle-Free Press. She's editing the book and has done an airbrush cover for it.

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JAY LYNCH INTERVIEW

PART ONE

CASCADE: This may sound like a dumb question, but what makes you an underground cartoonist?

LYNCH: I guess I'm not anymore; I can't afford it. But I started it, I mean I was one of the first. The term doesn't apply anymore, because in those days you couldn't print that kind of stuff in a national magazine. There was no NATIONAL LAMPOON ten years ago, and there was no other market for comics that were for adults. And now there is, although you still have to contend with editorial restrictions.

CASCADE: Originally the underground comix were underground, but are they still, or are they an industry?

LYNCH: I guess they're a cottage industry. I'm not sure of the figures of it, but it costs like five times as much to print the insides of a book today as it did ten years ago, and if they'd been ready for that, then today there would probably be underground comix vending machines in bars, and distribution wouldn't be a problem.

I saw a documentary on comics on this TV show called Camera 2. They had underground comix woven into the whole story; there were comic books, and then there was the Code, and then underground comix broke the Code. But the whole point of that was that they broke the Code and made the world safe for things like HEAVY METAL.

The people that read the comix during the late Sixties when underground comix started--it's like a different breed that reads them today. Today it seems like, from the letters I get, that it's mostly collectors, or young boys that read them.

CASCADE: People who've graduated from SPIDER-MAN?

LYNCH: Yeah. In the old days the hard-core socially concerned people who were against the war read them, and today it seems like a more elitist form of social concern. People who are concerned about things that don't affect them that directly. I think Kitchen's best-selling book last year was CORPORATE CRIME, which is good. There's still a hard core of people who want books that have some kind of social conscience. But I think the people who buy the standard titles have changed. (Long pause) See, I want to get letters from women, you know?

I don't anymore--I used to. But now it's mainly from collectors.

Also I have another theory Before the Fifteenth Century, supposedly, according to some people, people didn't logically reason out why they'd do things; they'd just do things upon commands from God. A lot of guys that started smoking dope in the Sixties are still getting high every day, and they just have these commands that they don't understand, "Buy an underground comic," and they do it 'cause they don't have anything else to do. They take it home.... I don't know if they read it or anything.

But today there's not that much stuff that's really all that interesting. The French comics were interesting, but now they're pretty much the same as when they started. I guess now the main stuff that I like is Griffy's stuff. I think that Zippy's probably the Freak Brothers of the Eighties. Those kids that buy the stuff resent the Freak Brothers because the Freak Brothers are like their parents. These kids are all punks now, and their parents named them things like Krishna and Sunshine, and now they go out and listen to punk rock, and one kid will say to another kid, "Hey Krishna, come here." And he'll say, "Don't call me Krishna, call me Snot!" Every time something new is discovered, the society has to change all its thought patterns to accept that new discovery, and new discoveries come at a more rapid rate, so that eventually kids subconsciously realize that they're gonna all have to ultimately adapt and be like Zippy, and be able to accept a complete new change of an entire system within a two minute period.

CASCADE: So that's the kind of comics that you enjoy reading the most right now?

LYNCH: Yeah, mostly all I read is Shelton's stuff, Crumb's stuff, and Zippy, plus stuff by people I know. I like Spiegelman's stuff a lot, but he hasn't been doing that much that I've seen in the past year. Oh yeah--I saw the book he's doing; it's really good: MAUS. He's doing it as an extended book.

CASCADE: You mentioned Crumb. I enjoyed the jam you did with him that was in FUNNY AMINALS, "Pat the Cat and Fuzzy the Bunny in Double Trouble."

LYNCH: Yeah, something about a worm in the lemonade? He was at my house--that was when we went to visit Chester Gould, Crumb and I. Chester Gould, we were talking to him and he looked out the window and he saw these criminal types like thirty stories below walking around, and he said, "If any young punk ever tried any funny business with me on the street I'd break his arms and set him on fire." So Pat the Cat says that in the jam.

Crumb asked Chester Gould, "How can you be so moralistic in this day and age; because of bad social conditions, no educational opportunities, is it really the fault of kids that get involved in crime that they turn into criminals? How can you tell the good guys from the bad guys today?" Gould said to Crumb, "Buddy, if you can't tell the good guys from the bad guys, then you're one of the bad guys!"

CASCADE: Was this recently?

LYNCH: It was on the day J. Edgar Hoover died.

CASCADE: And he (Crumb) stayed at your house and you jammed this strip out?

LYNCH: Yeah. The details of that strip are vague. I

1975 photo of Jay Lynch with Jay Kinney (right).

guess it was just on the table and we didn't think too much about it. Just whenever one of us had nothing to do, we'd draw some panels.

It was a lot more casual when this thing first started. I'd go to New York and we'd do a whole strip in one night on somebody's floor. But over the years I got more compulsive about it, and now it takes me a week to do a row of panels. It took me a long time to draw before we got into underground comix, too, but we took LSD in those days, and that loosened us up, I guess. I couldn't tell what I was doing; I couldn't tell if it was good or bad, 'cause I did a lot of stuff.

NEXT ISSUE: More of the Jay Lynch interview!

On Collecting Comix

by BRUCE SWEENEY

I have always suspected that a few of us collectors are compulsive fanatics but one collector related an anecdote that really rather confirmed my suspicions. It seems that in the '60's when a strong contingent of today's u.g. artists were based in New York City, "Spain" Rodriguez lived in the Village when he was submitting material to E.V.O., Gothic Blimp, etc. and had a huge sketch of Trashman complete with machine gun magic-markered on his refrigerator door. Needless to say, a collector bought the refrigerator and after moving it three times to preserve Spain's art, had the door removed, which now hangs on a wall in the collector's apartment.

Jerry Iomasiewicz writes that he's putting together art for a ug tentatively titled Upfront Comix. Cover is by Dave Geiser and it includes a page by George Erling and a four page story by Larry Todd. It'll be 8½" x 11" with an 11" x 17" Geiser centerfold. There's no due date or cover price yet. I've seen a dupe of the Geiser pages that Jerry sent me and its pretty twisted but also interesting.

Geiser is apparently fairly busy--he's done a cover for Jack Venooker's Journal of Popular Culture #2 which is due out in July or August. JPC #2 will run 68 pages with color covers and allegedly has a gruesome 6 page story, Mutant Patrol by Geiser. It will further feature Joel Beck, an unpublished Bode Cheech Wizard, Howard Cruse, George Erling, Steve Bissette (who is soon to be featured in Heavy Metal) and some purportedly strong local talent which I always welcome. It sounds like a bargain at $1.00 cover price.

Ron Turner of Last Gasp Comics claims that Wet Satin #2 is at the printer and this I gotta see. It

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Quick Ones

BY BILL SHERMAN

THOROUGHLY RIPPED
(Rip Off, $7.95)

Whether the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers are late seventies anachronisms or not isn't the issue. At this point--it became clear with the PLAYBOY piece--the strip's less a reflection of "street life" (yawn) and more an idealization of its readers' fantasies. (S'not that much dif between Shelton/Sheridan's strip and "Blondie" if truth be told.) And as long as there's a sizable audience of sixties survivors, upper middle-class dopesters and working stiffs wishing they had the loot to be upper middle-class dopesters, the strip has its base. The real question is: are the Freak Brothers still funny?

On the evidence of this, a color pback collection of tales culled from HIGH TIMES, PLAYBOY and the Rip Off Comic Page, the answer's yes. Mosta the time, anyhoo. Occasionally a funny idea (dueling teevee sets, f'rinstance) peters out minus punchline, but if yer stoned enuff (like our heroes on the cover in rapture over a snow-blurred tube) you probably won't care.

And much of the material does stand by itself, especially the slightly less dope-obsessed syndicate pages. A Fat Freddy's Cat six-pager that struck me as rushed in its six weekly installments, attains cohesiveness in a chunk, embellished with color. Same goes for a picaresque cross-country 15-pager (tho here again, the end is a let-down.)

Price and packaging--which includes a pull-out party game that I'd sure never pull out (too bibliophilic, I guess)--probably limit this book primarily to a glossy mag level audience. Too bad, but it's understandable. As the inner back cover foto shows, Rip Off's family has a lotta hungry bozos to feed...

THE SPIRIT #18 (Krupp, $1.50)

Second in Krupp's continuation of Will Eisner "Spirit" reprints contains bonus material by Jules Feiffer and a slight 3-pager by Eisner about crime/bizness in the garment district. The Feiffer matter, a series of one-pagers from '49, reminds me in style and substance of Harvey Kurtzman's "Sheldon", altho Feiffer's strip lacks the edge and compositional sureness of that great brat strip. Sure makes an interesting contrast with his later work, however.

As for the Spirit tales, my fave are the funniest and least realistic: a Thanksgiving story that takes the legendary Macy-Gimble's war to ridiculous extremes and a fan mail tale where Commissioner Dolan and Sammy answer letters from the readers. (Asked about the Spirit's weight, Sammy is forced to uncomfortably reply, "The day of the gaunt, thin hawk-like crimefighter is over."--Eisner wasn't kidding when he called Denny Colt a middle-class superhero!) More "seriously", a seminal story from '51 has a self-purported time traveller confessing to killing the Spirit in a future 1970 straight out of SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME, while a P'Gell piece has the professional bride married this time to a gun-running shipping magnate.

That last has the smoothest

Eisner action art of the ish--but for a weak moment where P'Gell races her new car with the Spirit as front seat passenger and then stops short to knock his head against the windshield. Because Eisner doesn't visually establish the car's speed soon enuff, the reaction to sudden stop isn't clear to the reader. Nice to see even Eisner slipping once in a while.

PUDGE THE GIRL BLIMP #1
(Star*Reach, $1.50)

Revised edition of the first of Lee Marrs' wonderful triology of teen lust/angst and self-realization has (a) a new size, (b) a new cover, (c) tighter inking (with greater and more effective use of blacks), (d) a small amount of changed dialog, and (e) a strip on "Cyberfenetics" in place of three pages of television ad parodies and a Pudge dope strip. I miss the Mrs. Yolsen coffee ad myself: it was obvious but funny (and to a certain extent, obviousness is a given to satirizing commercials). But the replacement strip is funny, and long-time Pudge fans'll want this book. If you ain't a Pudge fan, this is the place to begin, of course--AND YOU SHOULD!

DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX AND STORIES #3
($1.25 from Clifford Neal, 378 Judson Ave., Mystic, Conn. 06355)

"Horror comix they call these! Educational teevee's more terrifying! You want it straight from the hearse's mouth, from one who grew in the grue biz? Take it from me, the Crypt Keeper, these fetid fables couldn't pass for text pages in one of my books!

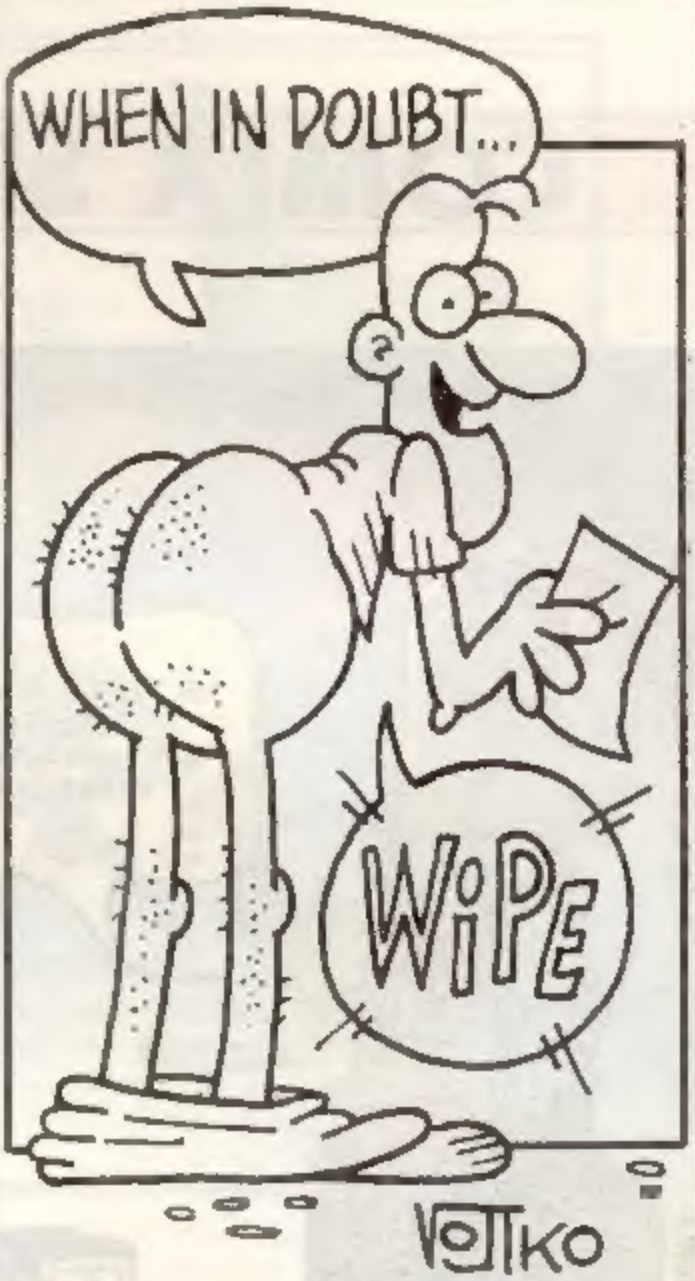
"Heh. Those were horror comics! Stuffed full of nasty wit and worms! The only bits here that come close to what we GhouLunatics used to spew forth monthly is Greg Irons' sweaty simian cover and Osif Eguax's wordless corpse lust tale. The rest of this cadaverous concoction? Even Stan (One Plot Fits All) Lee at his hackiest beats the flat-as-a-steamrolled-councilman prose of this book!

. "Sure, some of the art is fiendishly apt (dunno what the devil those girlie illos are doing in the book, though.) But you can bet your Rocky Horror tee-shirt, kids, that we'd have never let limpid lines like 'Even though I was a pacifist, my hatred matured into thoughts of murder' into the nauseating narration of our guignoltoons! And where are the Chuckling-With-Mr.-D. puns?

"If this is the state of comic book gore, then I'm glad we went into retirement: better to spend the rest of my nights in a catacolm with friends.

"As the feline ghoul said to Morris the Cat: 'ciaow'

--The Crypt Keeper"



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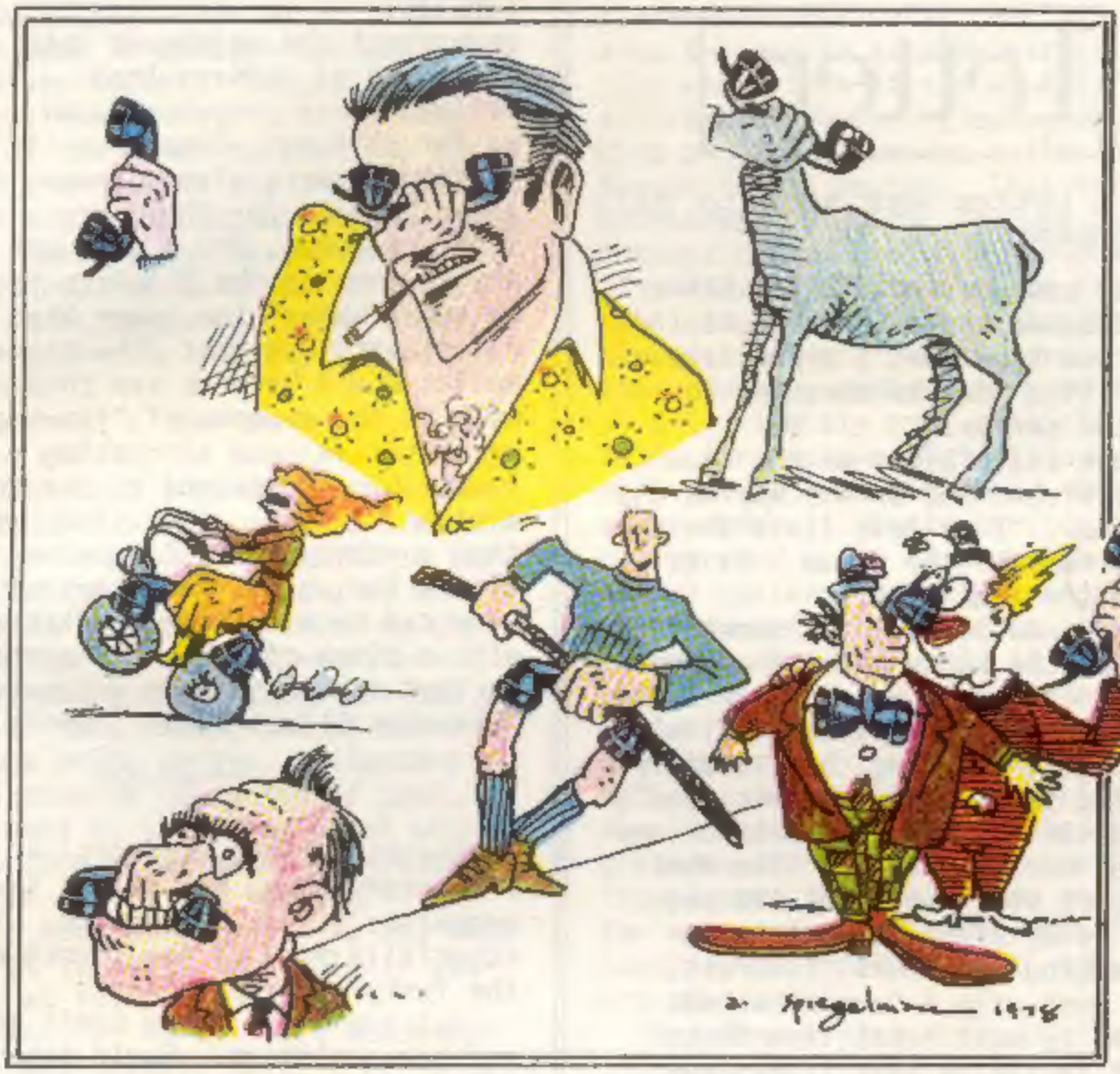
COMIX SHOWCASE



WHERE'D SHE GO?
VOLKO

Whitney

Letters

This letter was sent to Bill Sherman:

Saw your review of "Red Raider" in Cascade today and thought I'd let you know that I appreciate your kind remarks about my Comanche series.

Book III, "Blood on the Moon", is finished and on its way to the printer. I believe it is the best book of the three. It is also the final one.

I am now looking for someone to do all the books under one cover, to be called "Comanche Moon". If this happens I will add a final 15 pages, covering the transition period to the "White Man's Road", plus various other inserts of new pages here and there. The whole project will run about 128 pages and is my first attempt to do something of general interest, not just with a "comix" brand. I see so much repetition these days in the ug that it has become a mold ready to break out of (with the exception of Corben's work, but then he was never really accepted by the comix crowd anyway). As to my future plans, I am comfortable with illustrating the Old West--(especially early Texas, with all its various culture clashes)--and look forward to doing more "hip Westerns". One thing in your review I will mention because other people have objected to it, and it is at the core of my "method": the use of slang, etc. issuing from the mouths of these shadows of the past. Most people find it disconcerting, jarring to the tone set by the illustrations, etc. My defense is exactly as you have guessed--to "humanize" my characters and make their course of action comprehensible in modern-day terms. Altho I regret that this causes the flow of the narrative to be broken, along with some of the "spell", I believe it is necessary to counteract the cardboard cut-out image of Indians that Hollywood has perpetuated on us for so long. Comanches in particular were always known among Indians for their dry sense of humor, and I will not depict them in the lifeless "ugh, me super human" (or lower than human) attitude that John Wayne movies would have us see them--even at the expense of "flawing" my narrative, and alienating a readership accustomed to the traditional Indian. This slang, more than anything else, I receive criticism for, but I feel that history can be effectively related with a pinch of humor and am reluctant to forego this approach. "Classics Illustrated" I ain't.

--Jaxon

Thanks for the Cascades--a fine production, one of the few magazines I look forward to. I'm especially fond of the format and the funky color printing.

Cascade is solid on Comix news and personalities. Would like to see more, and more perceptive, criticism/reviews/analysis. A nucleus of perceptive "fans" can do much to keep the state of the Art on its toes. Perception, on the other hand, is hard to come by.

--Art Spiegelman

Cascade has impressed just about everyone I've run into who has seen it. We all hope that your time and enthusiasm pay off for you--if not in money, then in egoboo or posterity or some more abstract reward.

The interior color in this issue looks snazzy. The strips by Vojtko, Siergey and Anderson were all entertaining...with Siergey's "Comix" page my favorite (at least writing-wise.) These guys keep getting better and better. Who sez there ain't no good new cartoonists?

Griffy interview was well-done. It might have had a little more

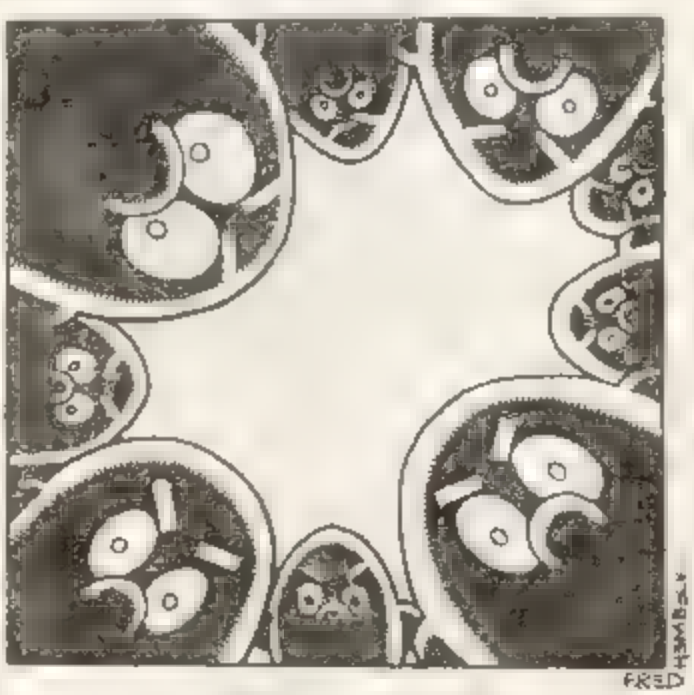
controversial bite to it if it had been done in person--but was quite OK nevertheless. Suggestion for interviews in near future: try one of the woman cartoonists like Gebbie or Rudahl etc. Most of them are producing work these days the equal of any by the old male standbys, but (except for Trina who seems to manage quite nicely) they generally still get overlooked.

Sherman's "Beulah Bondage" piece was to the point. The longer that undergrounds can stay out of the Overstreet guide and economic marketplace, the better I say. The comix are still hanging onto some sort of grace period by the very tips of their fingertips--after this, the deluge. Deluge not of good comix, but of underground price guides, collectors motivated by the smell of cash, and most of the other dreck which have long since overrun straight comics fandom. I know, a lot of it is here already in low-key ways but it is still ignorable if you work at it.

Stanton, Willy, Ward and other obsessed termite artists definitely foreran the undergrounds in some notable ways. To look at them in the most positive light, they had the daring (or the neuroses) to follow out their visions, to lay down page after page of anima/animus projections, to actually cop to where their heads were at, and do it with some craft and finesse. Regrettably they were also trapped in an economic situation which left little room for artistic or psychological growth. Kind of like permanent exile in a Nevada of the psyche. That the Overstreet Guide can feature the bondage cartoons without flinching is partly understandable in that such art is mainly an extension of already implicit social patterns taken to an extreme. As such it is only slightly more explicit than, for instance, old pulp magazine covers from the 30's. On the other hand a sizeable portion of underground comix have challenged social patterns usually taken for granted, and thus are more threatening to the cozy world of comic commodity fans. One other factor: most of the classic bondage comics are impeccably chaste (see Belier's Bizarre Comics reprints, for instance) unlike many undergrounds; and chaste ropes are less troublesome than squirting organs for a subculture (fandom) heavily populated with adolescents and pre-adolescents.

And none of the above begins to touch on certain characteristics shared by sword & sorcery and bondage comics, nor deal with any and all of the above perpetuating sexism, etc. We can leave that all for another time. Hope Sherman writes more...

--Jay Kinney



Congratulations on producing such a fine piece of work. It seems to fit perfectly into the gap between the Arcade as was and the Comix World as is. (I have frequently wondered why Clay Geerdes has been so disinclined to take CW in the direction of something like Cascade--too late now anyway I guess.)

As far as presentation is concerned I very much like the neat and clean layout that provides a nicely tight framework for the varying headline typography, the excellent color reproduction, and the good balance of writing and artwork (lousy photo reproduction though, but I guess that can't be helped).

The Griffith interview was most interesting and informative, and set my mind to thinking about a few things. I think the most important point that came out of the interview was the depth of the intellectual and artistic background that Griffith brings to his work. This has been evident in the man's work of course, but it does seem to me that if the artists are prepared to put so much into their work the readers should be prepared to make a similar effort in their reading of the work. (I was glad to see that like first rate artists of all sorts, Griffith encourages his readers to do this--mind-expansion is more important perhaps than mind-blowing, although they do go well together, I must confess.) More important though, surely, is the need for a similar degree of effort in terms of critical approaches to the artists' work. Of all the popular arts it's only really the movies, photography, and jazz and rock music that have developed the body of critical work they deserve. SF is trying, but seems to be floundering about in a sea of third rate academic criticism, lack of any firm basis for criticism of the genre, and a marked distrust on the part of most of the writers and fanmafias. As for comics in general there doesn't seem to be anything outside a basic historical/bibliographical approach (aimed at the collectors) that even approaches a reasonable body of criticism (even on the part of the French and Italians, from what I can see). Jesus, nobody's even got down to investigating the basic mechanisms/linguistics of the genre yet, and the comics have been around for best part of a century.

Enough. This was supposed to be a short note of appreciation for Cascade. I guess letters like this are part of the risk you run by producing something as stimulating as Cascade. Keep up the good work.

--M. D. Rose

CONTINUED FROM PG. 5

seems that Denis Kitchen's printer wouldn't touch it because he found this book of female fantasies to be too much. Denis dropped me a card reminding me that his Comix Book was also mentioned in Overstreet, and yet Overstreet claims to have no interest in mentioning ug's. Cherry Poptart had a cover change, reports Turner, and is due out in the fall. That also sounds like a good possible title. What little Cherry Poptart material that I've seen always struck me as a great spoof of Bob Montana's Archie.

I hear that there's a riff between Rip Off Press and Bay-Con and in fact, it's supposed to be a boycott so a lot of UG activity is shifting to San Diego--I wish I could be there! (About that expense account, Romero...) Let's face facts; you underground fans are just a little too twisted to be accepted by the Little Lulu people.

It's not just me, a lot of people are discussing the high activity level of underground sales in the Buyer's Guide. It seems that every issue has something going up for grabs and I've recently spent my entire state income tax refund on auctions. I also traded a handful of E.C.'s to Jerry Weist for an Everwucawe and a Die Gretchen, and that, friends, is an act of faith. Jerry recently went for a bundle but he now is the proud owner of the S. Clay Wilson cover of Zap #9. It is really a beautiful cover as I hope we'll see shortly.

Defining a ug is always a tuffie and those cliff-hangers and 'almost ug's' really fascinate me. Clearly the razor's edge between a risque fanzine and a ug is WOTI (Worlds of Imagination) #6 which features good stuff by Foster, Alder, Erling, Bryson, Spagnola, Vincent and Lacey. I think it's 60¢ postpaid from WOTI, 437 McClellan St., West Point MI 39773. It's clearly worth the effort as a few of these guys are worth collecting. Brad Foster has a girlie fanzine that features

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Copyright 1978 Dave Taylor

SHA NA NA!!!*

VISAGES

by Darrel Anderson

Just completed, this fantastic, very limited portfolio features six 7-color and four 4-color lithographs created especially for Visages, plus ten never-before-published pen and ink drawings. A total of 20 5½ x 8½ inch prints on heavy bristol, plus a beautiful hand-printed folder. Limited to 80 signed and numbered sets. $6.00 plus 50¢ postage.

Everyman Studios/432 S. Cascade
Colorado Springs/CO 80903 USA

nude women in physical combat and is 20 pages and $1. from him at 1020 E. 45th #257, Austin TX 78751 and Jamie Alder has a weird little dadazine available for 50¢ from him at 9970 Liberty Rd., Chelsea MI 48118. Allegedly, Doug Bryson's Captain Retro #2 is out, but so far, that's only hearsay. David Noon writes that Moon #3 (English) is due out soon with art by him and Chris Welch.

For collectors in the NYC area Dave Toplitz's West Side Comics on W. 86th St. near Columbus is as tasteful a little store as I've seen and it sure was nice to buy undergrounds over a counter for a change, instead of always thru the mail. I hope to have more on the NYC collecting scene as well as the forthcoming checklist next issue, but until then--keep flipping those pages...

CONTINUED FROM PG. 7

IMAGINE #1 and 2 ($1.50 from Star Reach Prod.)

The trappings are familiar (Craig Russell on #2, hokey house ad in the back inner cover of both, letter to the reader,) but Mike Friedrich's new companion-zine to STAR*REACH is both more expansive and inventive. Let's hope it stays so.

Some of the more unique moments: Steve Liealoha's inks on Trina Robbins pencils and s-f pulp plot (where NATLAMP's editor has his initials transposed and gets a sex change,) which ain't always successful but is nicely varied; Lee Marrs' allegorical dabble with Amerindian shamanism and the life of Joni Mitchell (lamely labelled "Joni Roxtarr" even tho Marrs openly makes lyrics intrinsic to the storyline--did Don Juan's Reckless Kid object or somp'n, afraid to be put in the same platforms as Kiss?); Fabio Gasbarri's Tothbrush-spatter art in ish number one, effective in "Anticipation" (a NASHVILLE/GIMME SHELTER double-feature, not a Carly Simon catsup song,) but kinda static in a second tale; and the two ishes' color setpieces.

"Neal Adams' black-and-white "Flightmare" in the premiere--where a m.c. pilot Gets His in fantasy flight--is a trace too self-consciously male feminist to keep from cloying. Points for intentions, however.)

And those color stories. Marshall Rogers' "Disputed Sacrifice" is a modest variation on the virginal sacrifice tale done with such compositional stunts and coloring flair (that could be lighter for greater control, however) that it's a real treat in these days of company comic murk and wobble. As for Craig Russell's pre-Raphaelite phantasm in number two, "The Avatar and the Chimera," it walks away--or should I say "floats away"?--with this reader's admiration. The first of a two-part pantomime, Russell's tale is a near sublime

blend of mysticism and basic storytelling.

Let's all wish deadline pressures away from IMAGINE...

CONTINUED FROM PG. 2

THOROUGHLY RIPPED WITH THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS has just been published by Rip Off Press. This large size, quality paper, full color book collects strips from HIGH TIMES, PLAYBOY, and Rip Off Syndicate sheets, and sells for $7.95. A review appears elsewhere in this issue.

HIGH TIMES has bought two Nard 'N' Pat strips in color by Jay Lynch and Gary Whitney.

John Adams has published VERY SAVAGE BARBARIAN #1, a minizine devoted to true barbarian romance. It's limited to 100 copies; write John at P. O. Box 1527, Boulder, CO 80306 for more info.

Larry Rippee has done a minizine called A TENDER REGARD FOR MUTANTS, a funny, well-drawn collection of his cartoons. Available for 75¢ postpaid from Rippee at 3433 21st St., San Francisco, CA 94110.

GRAPHIXUS, the British monthly graphic story showcase and review magazine, is now being sold in the U. S. by Wells News Service, High Hudson Ln., 2400 N. High St., Columbus, OH 43202. The first five issues are out, at a cost of $2.00 each. Number 3 features a Brian Bolland cover and strip entitled "Little Nympho in Slumberland," and a worthwhile column by Clay Geerdes, but much of the material seems slightly amateurish.

RAINBOW FUNNIES #2 is now ready for mailing, with comics by Gary Whitney, Pat Bednar, David Cole and Linda Christopher. This 8-page "Ecology Ish" is 35¢ plus a stamp from Third Coast, P.O. Box 806, Williams Bay, WI 53191.

Don Dohler is selling drawings of Projunior for $5. He is also reported to have some copies of the rare fanzine WILD for sale. His address is 12 Moray Ct., Baltimore, MD 21236.

Mark Beyer of New York City is self-publishing a book of his comix entitled A DISTURBING EVENING AND OTHER STORIES. Beyer is a one-time ARCADE Sideshow contributor.

ALTERNATE MEDIA, a small quarterly published by the HIGH TIMES people, will be running a cover story/review of Art Spiegelman's book BREAKDOWNS in the fall issue. Spiegelman contributed an analysis of one of his strips: "Don't Get Around Much Anymore--A Guided Tour."

Hold onto yer hats, ZAP #9 is finally about to appear. It's now at the printer, and will be released toward the middle of September.

CASCADE
PRESENTS
FLYING FUNGUS FUNNIES
©1978 GARY WHITNEY
♪ SHORT PEOPLE ARE JUST THE SAME AS YOU N' I...
WHA!
THUMP!
?
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WAIT!
HEY-A SPORE!
UMMM! NOT BAD!
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
LATER...
I'M TELLIN' YA— THEY WERE MUSHROOMS FROM SPACE!!
NUTS!
Whitney